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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into columns, with names in the first column and dates in the second column. The names are mostly male, and the dates range from the late 18th century to the early 19th century.

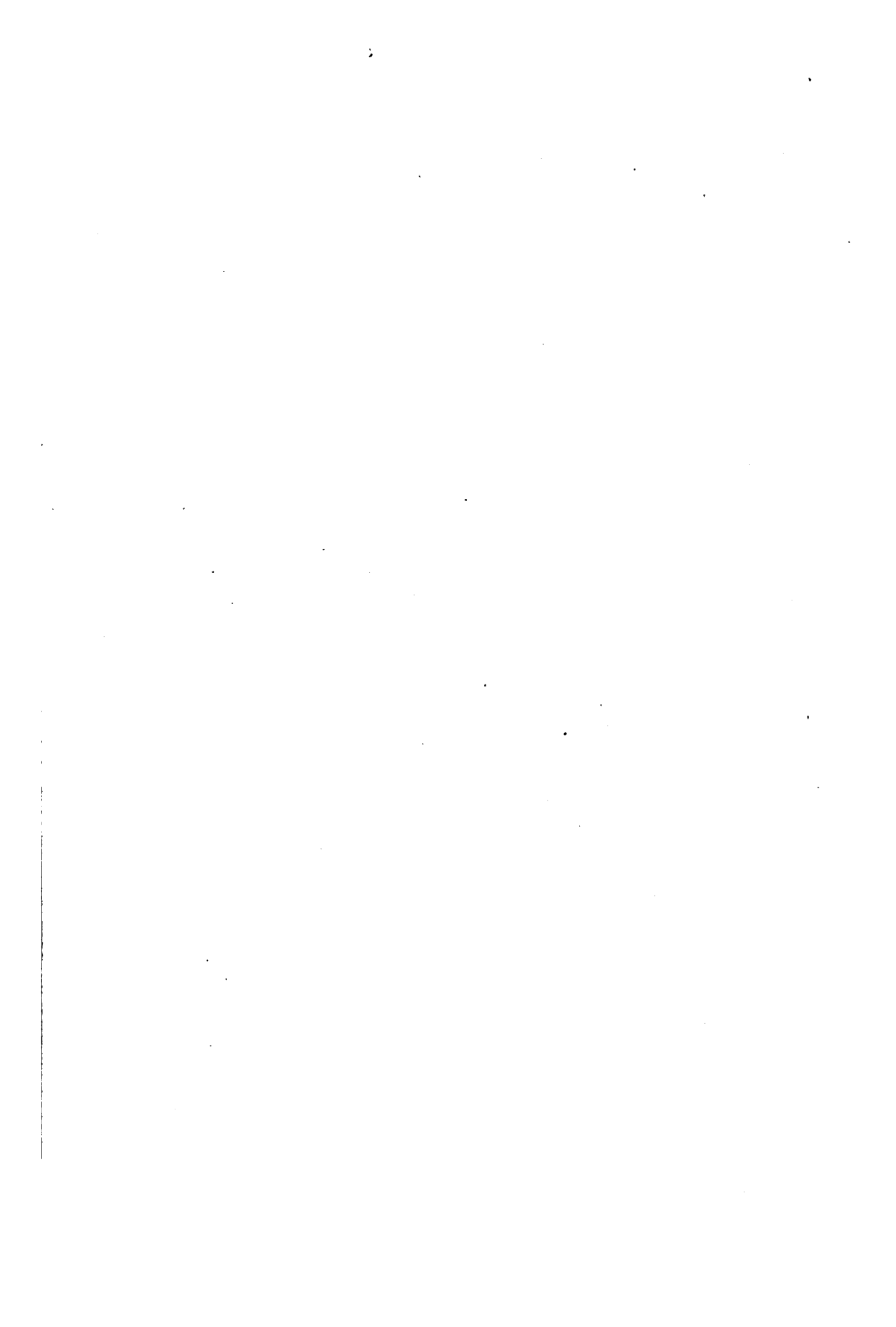
2. The second part of the document is a series of paragraphs, each beginning with a date. The dates are written in a cursive script, and the paragraphs are written in a more formal, printed style. The paragraphs appear to be a record of some kind, possibly a diary or a log. The text is mostly in English, but there are some words and phrases in French. The paragraphs are organized into columns, with dates in the first column and text in the second column. The text is mostly male, and the dates range from the late 18th century to the early 19th century.

3. The third part of the document is a series of paragraphs, each beginning with a date. The dates are written in a cursive script, and the paragraphs are written in a more formal, printed style. The paragraphs appear to be a record of some kind, possibly a diary or a log. The text is mostly in English, but there are some words and phrases in French. The paragraphs are organized into columns, with dates in the first column and text in the second column. The text is mostly male, and the dates range from the late 18th century to the early 19th century.

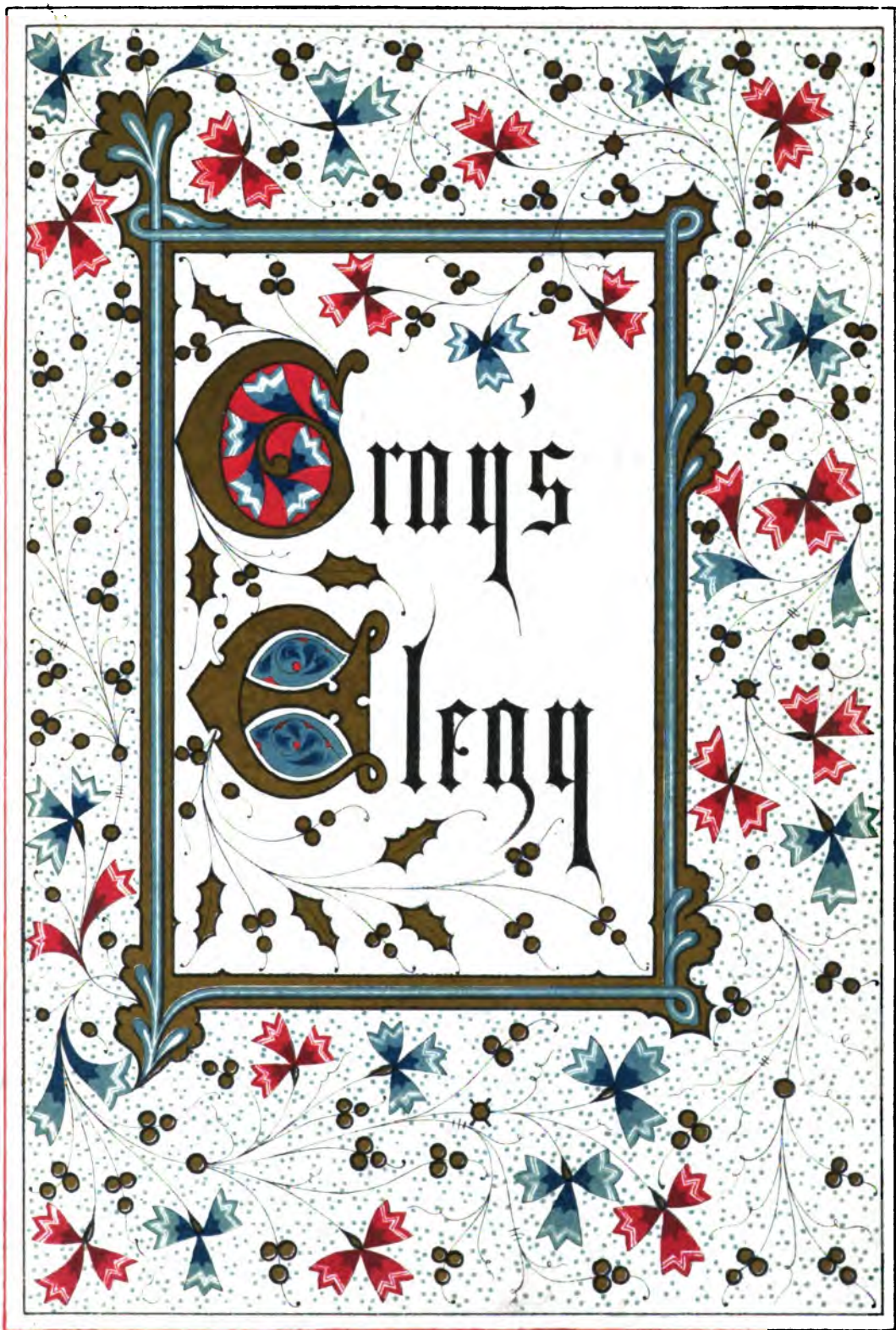
4. The fourth part of the document is a series of paragraphs, each beginning with a date. The dates are written in a cursive script, and the paragraphs are written in a more formal, printed style. The paragraphs appear to be a record of some kind, possibly a diary or a log. The text is mostly in English, but there are some words and phrases in French. The paragraphs are organized into columns, with dates in the first column and text in the second column. The text is mostly male, and the dates range from the late 18th century to the early 19th century.

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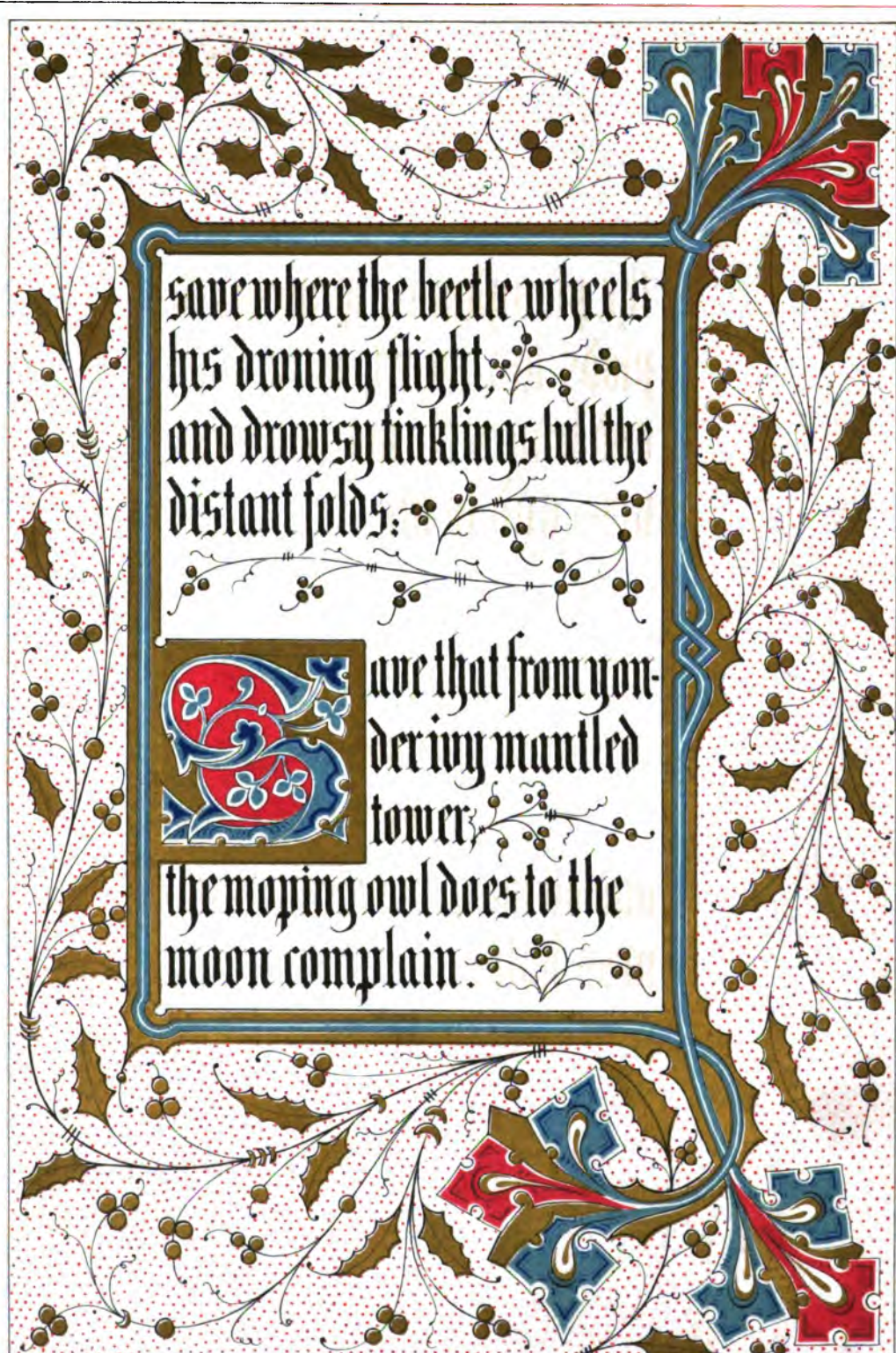
O the

urfew
tolls the knell of parting
day,
the lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea;



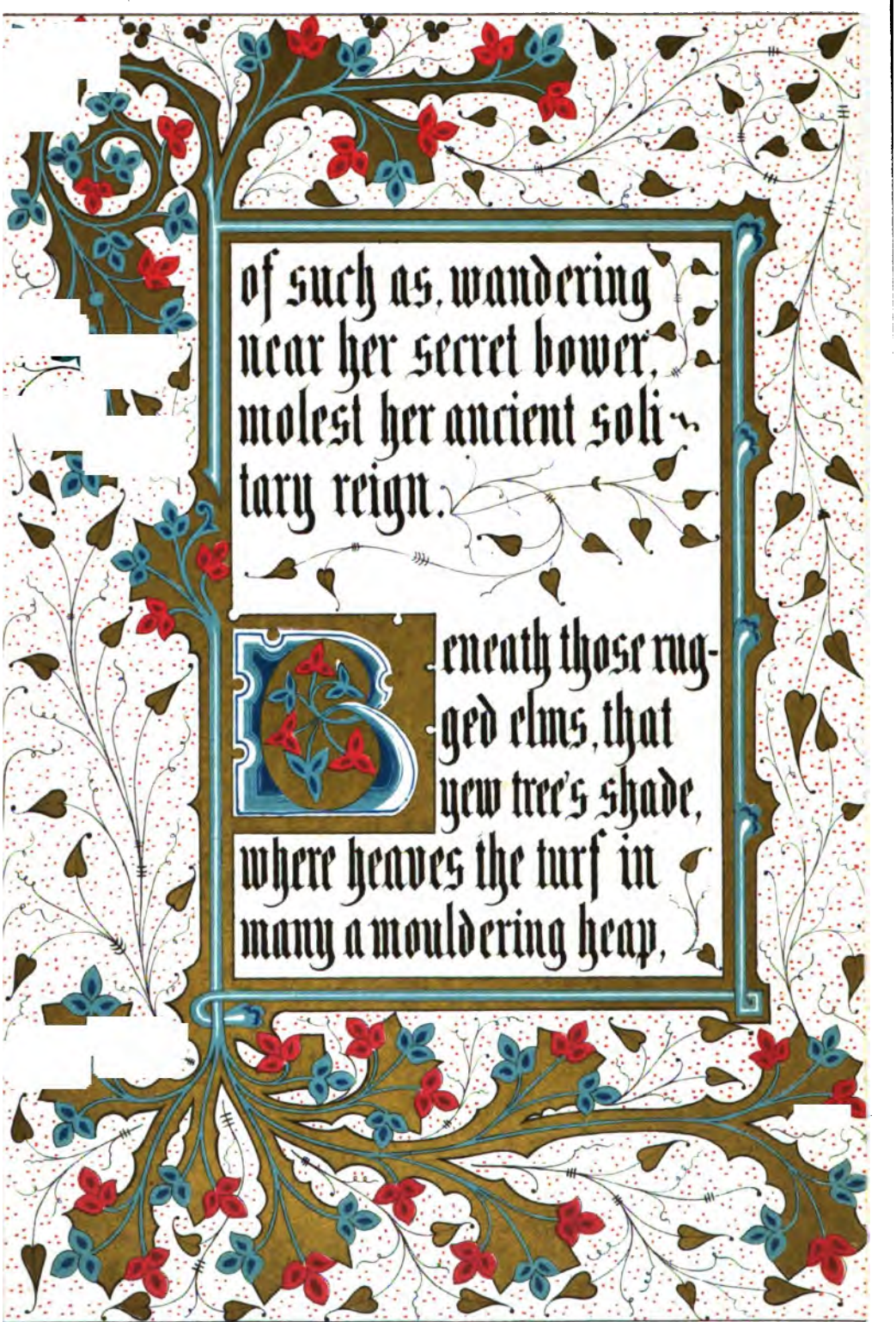
the ploughman homeward
plods his weary way
and leaves the world to dark-
ness and to me.

Now fades the
glimmering land-
scape on the sight
and all the air a solemn still-
ness holds.



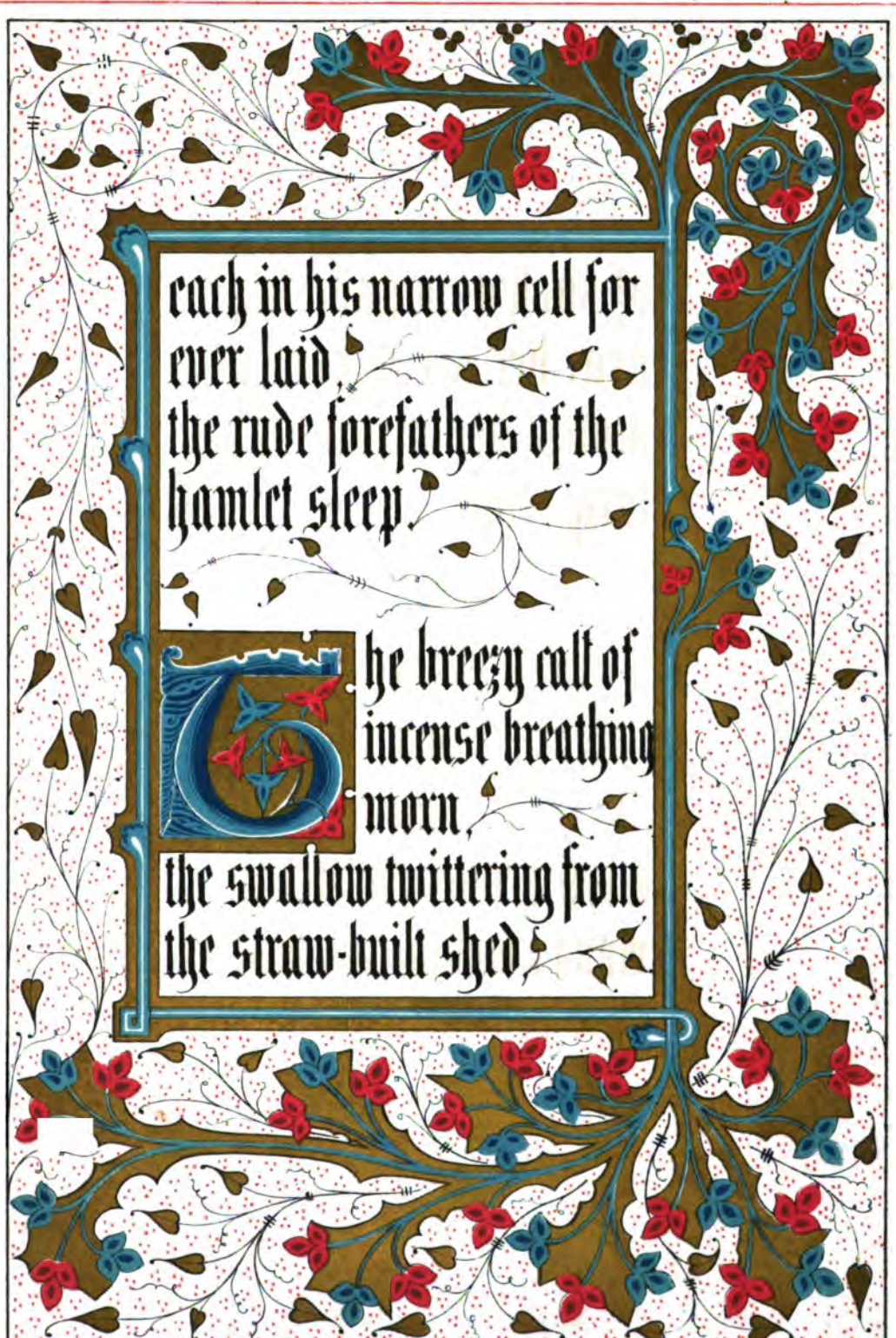
save where the beetle wheels
his droning flight,
and drowsy tinklings lull the
distant folds.

Save that from yonder
ivy mantled
tower
the moping owl does to the
moon complain.



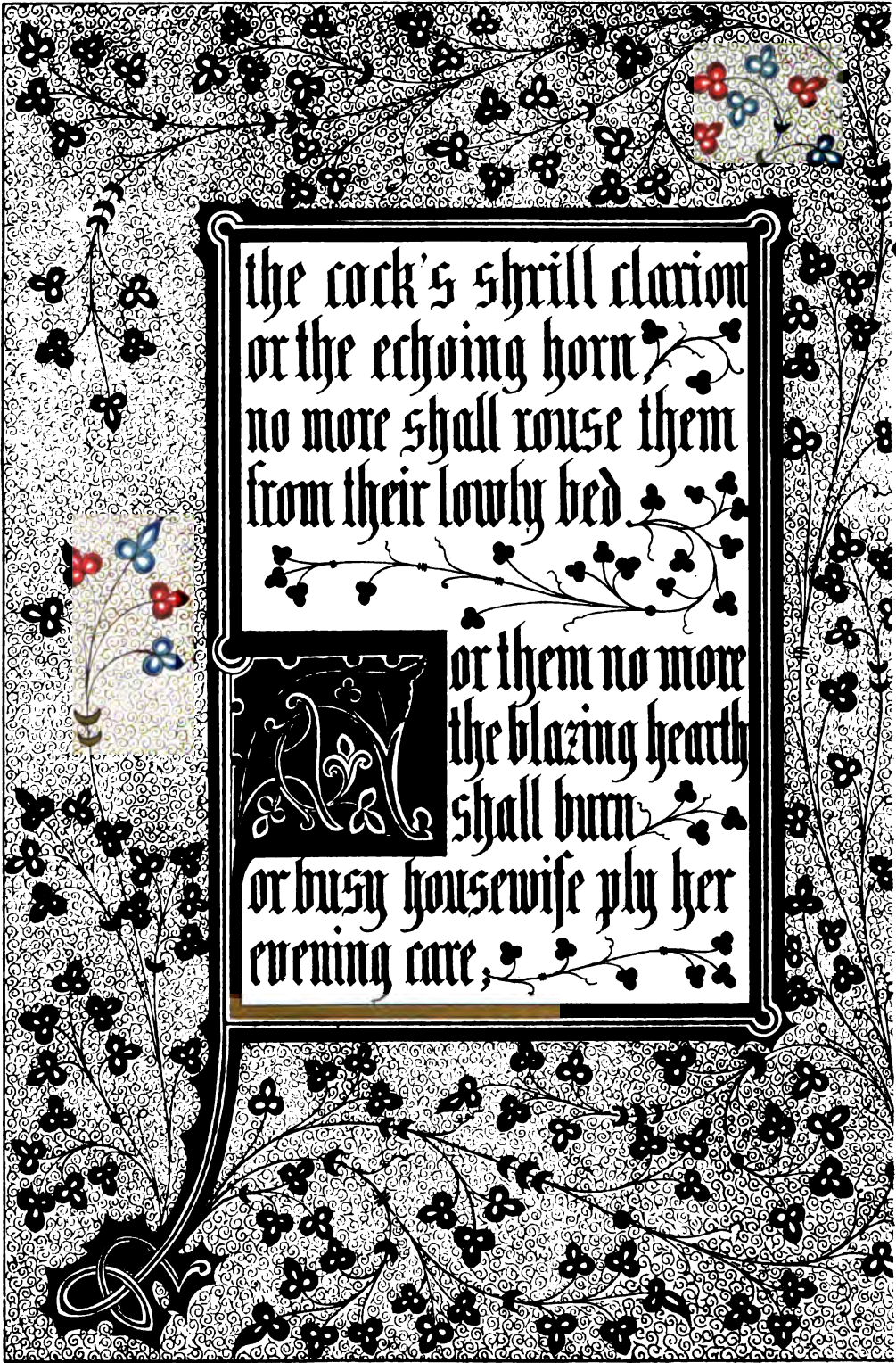
of such as, wandering
near her secret bower,
molest her ancient soli-
tary reign.

Beneath those rug-
ged elms, that
yew tree's shade,
where heaves the turf in
many a mouldering heap,



each in his narrow cell for
ever laid,
the rude forefathers of the
hamlet sleep.

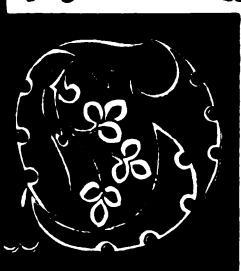
The breezy call of
incense breathing
morn,
the swallow twittering from
the straw-built shed.



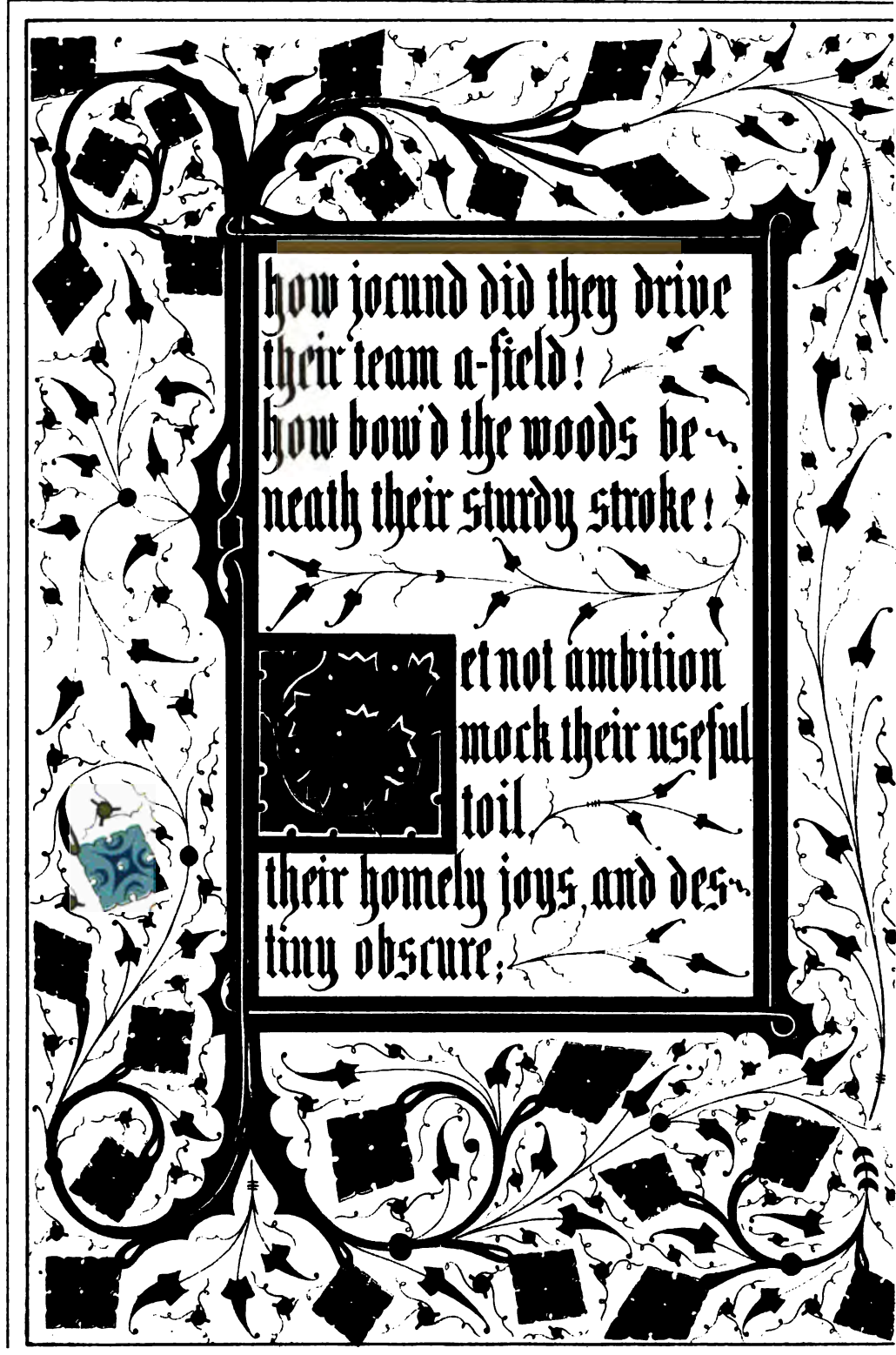
the cock's shrill clarion
or the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them
from their lowly bed.

Nor them no more
the blazing hearth
shall burn
or busy housewife ply her
evening care,

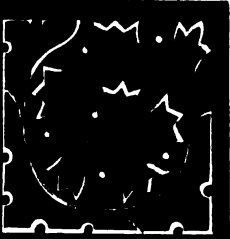
no children run to kys their
sire's return
or climb his knees the en-
vied kiss to share.



It did the harvest
to their sickle
yield,
their furrow oft the stub-
born glebe has broke,



how jocund did they drive
their team a-field!
how bow'd the woods be-
neath their sturdy stroke!




et not ambition
mock their useful
toil
their homely joys, and des-
tiny obscure;

nor grandeur hear, with
a disdainful smile,
the short and simple an-
nals of the poor.

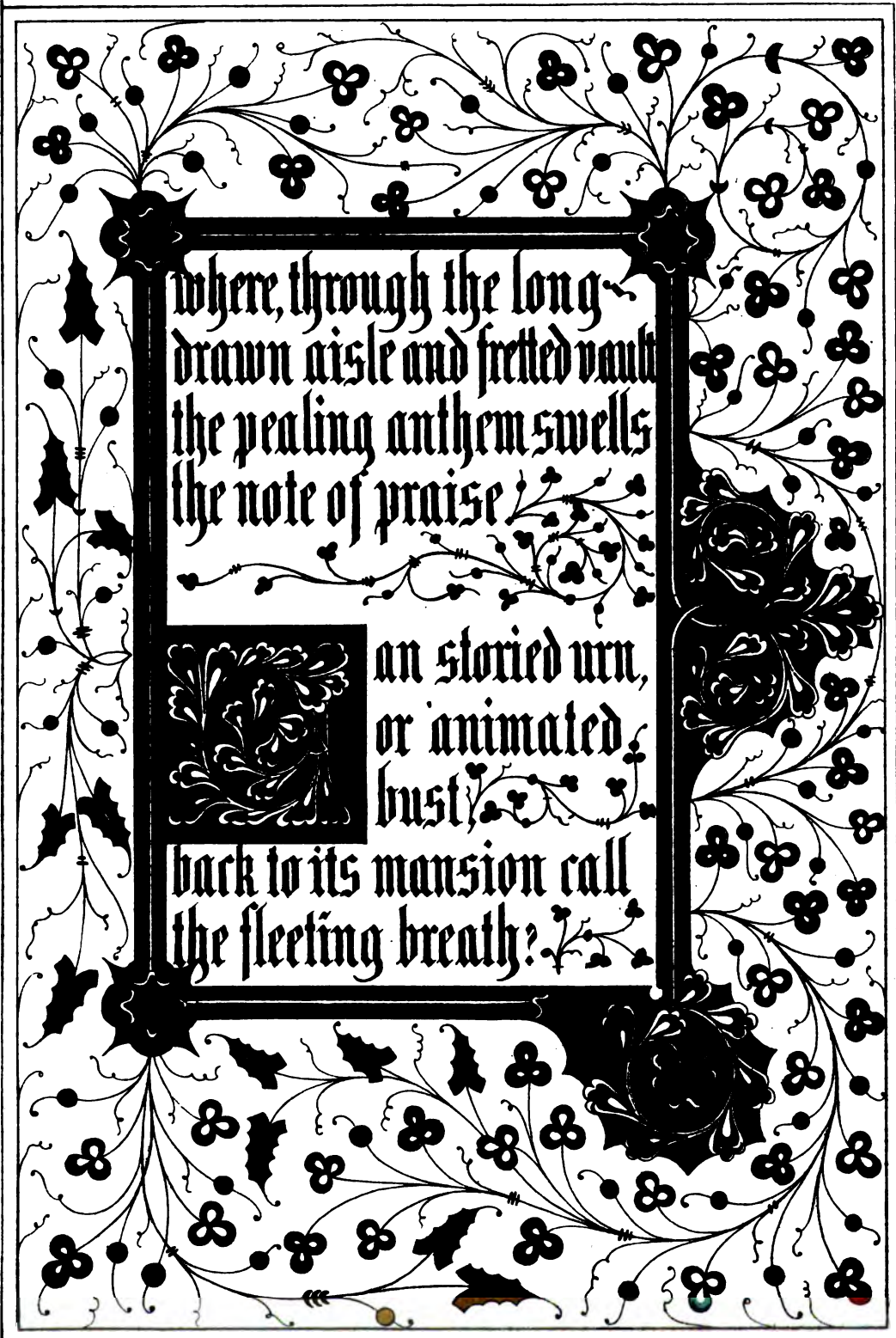


he boast of he-
raldry, the pomp
of power,
and all that beauty, all that
wealth, e'er gave,



await, alike th' inevitable
hour; -
the paths of glory lead but
to the grave

For you, ye proud!
impute to these
the fault,
if memory o'er their tomb
no trophies raise!

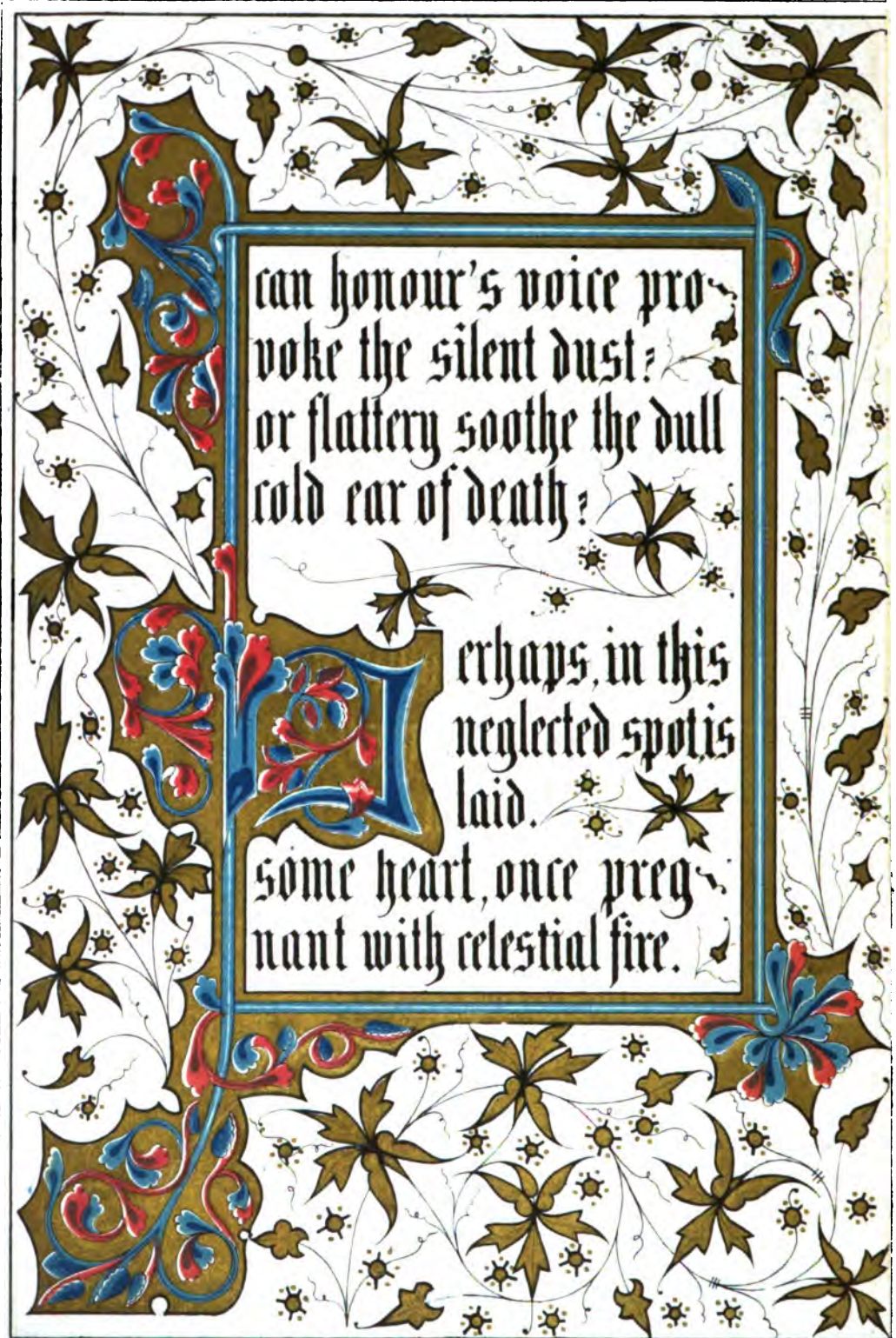


where, through the long-
drawn aisle and fretted vault
the pealing anthem swells
the note of praise.



an storied urn,
or animated
bust,

back to its mansion call
the fleeting breath?

The page is framed by an elaborate border of stylized flowers and leaves in brown, blue, and red. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first line of text is enclosed in a rectangular frame. A large, ornate initial 'P' in blue and red with gold filigree begins the second line of text.

can honour's voice pro-
voke the silent dust?
or flattery soothe the dull
cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this
neglected spot is
laid.
some heart, once preg-
nant with celestial fire.



hands that the rod of empire
might have sway'd,
or wak'd to ecstasy the liv-
ing lyre.

The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. The top and bottom borders feature a repeating pattern of stylized brown leaves and small gold dots. The left and right borders are more complex, with large, stylized blue and red flowers and scrolling vines. The text is set within a central rectangular frame with a gold border. The first block of text is in a black Gothic script. The second block begins with a large, decorated initial 'B' in blue and red, followed by text in the same black Gothic script.

But knowledge to
their eyes her an-
ple page,
rich with the spoils of time,
did ne'er unroll;



chill penury repress'd their
noble rage
and froze the genial current
of the soul

ull many a gem
of purest ray
serene,
the dark unfathom'd caves
of ocean bear;

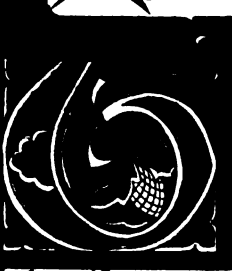


full many a flower is born
to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness
on the desert air



Some village Hamp-
den, that, with daunt-
less breast,
the little tyrant of his fields
withstood;

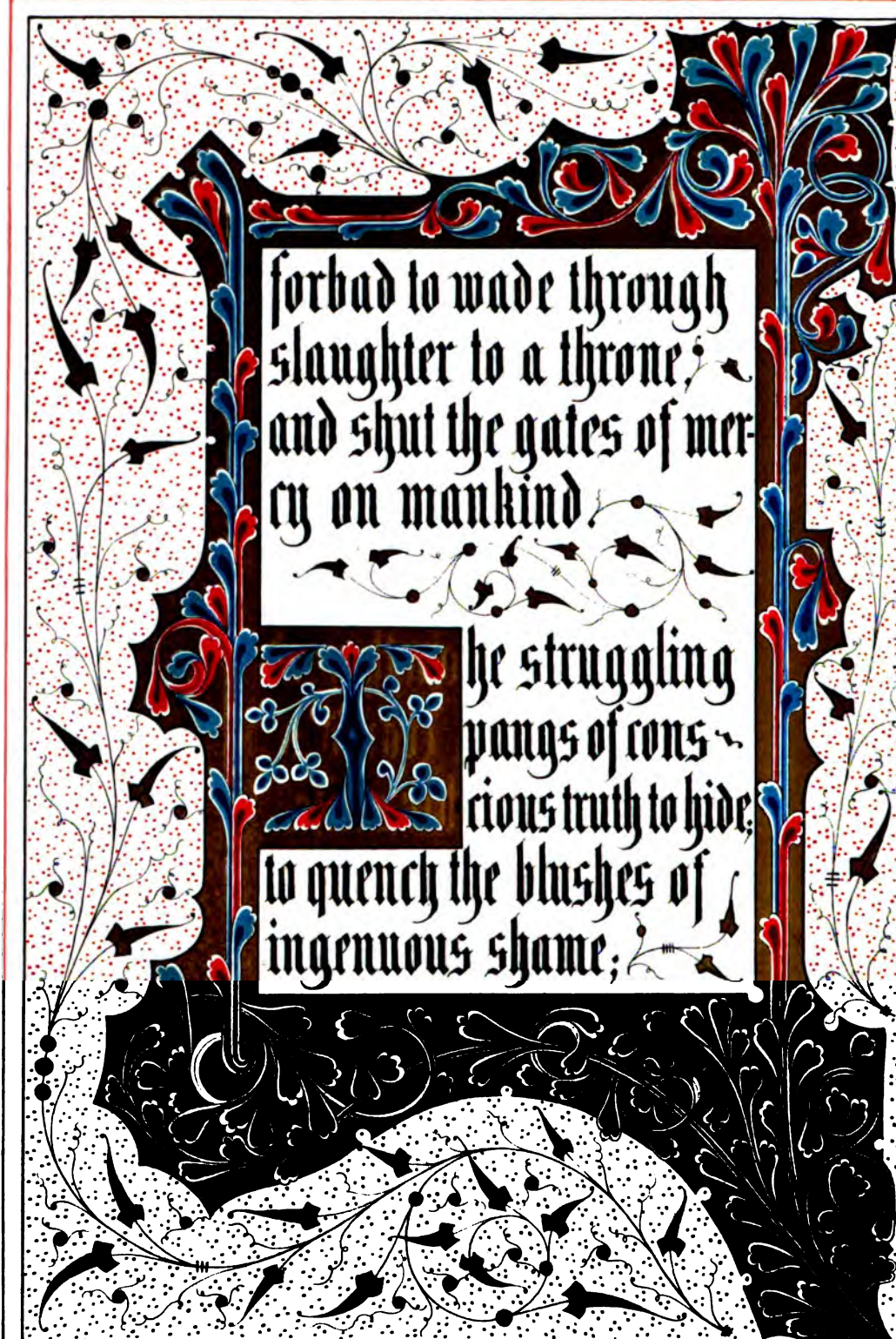
some mute inglorious
Milton, here may rest;
some Cromwell, guiltless
of his country's blood.

h'applause of
listening sena-
tes to command,
the threats of pain and
ruin to despise,

to scatter plenty o'er a
smiling land,
and read their history
in a nation's eyes

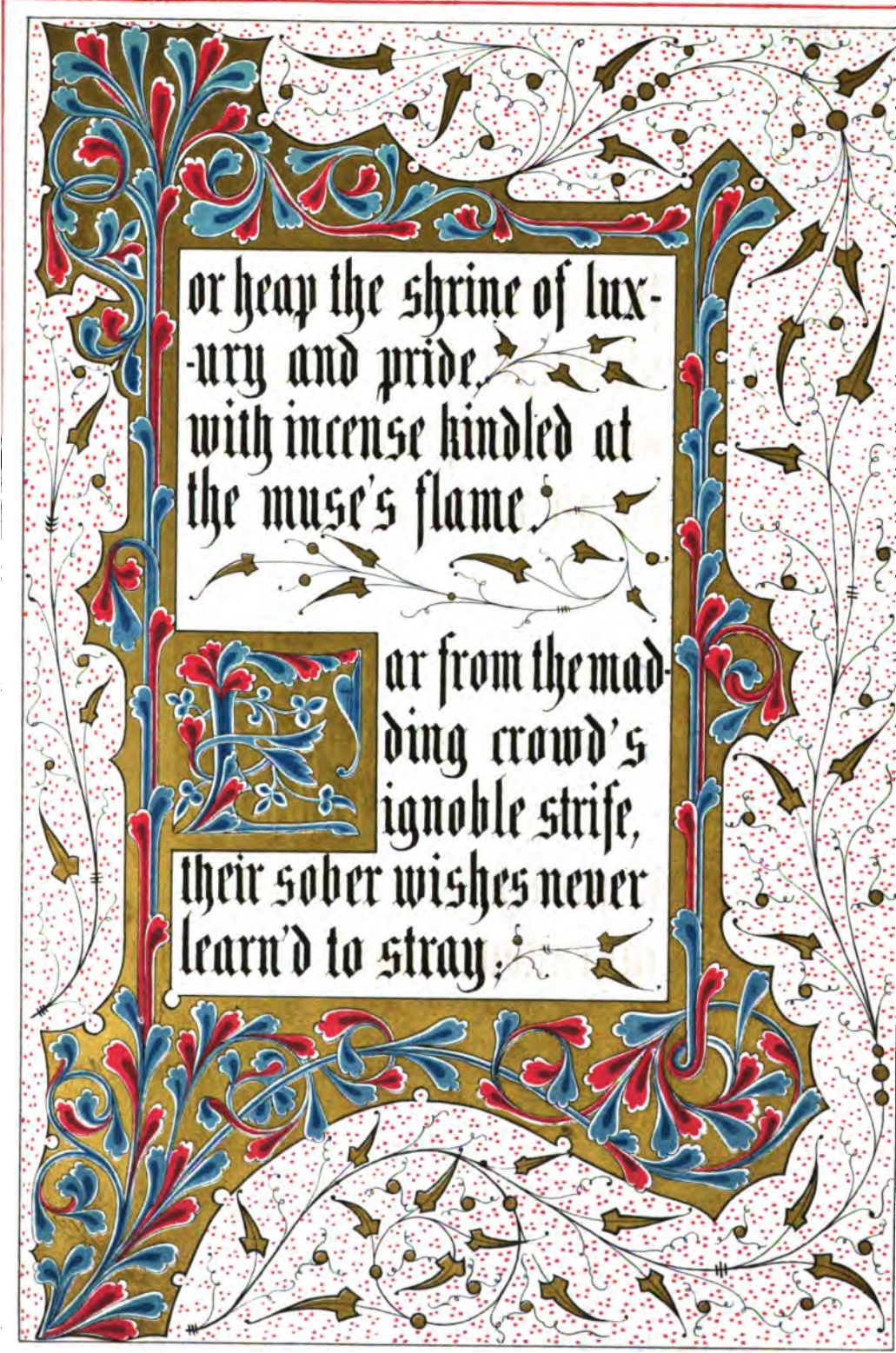


their lot forbade:
nor circumscrib'd
alone
their growing virtues, but
their crimes confin'd;



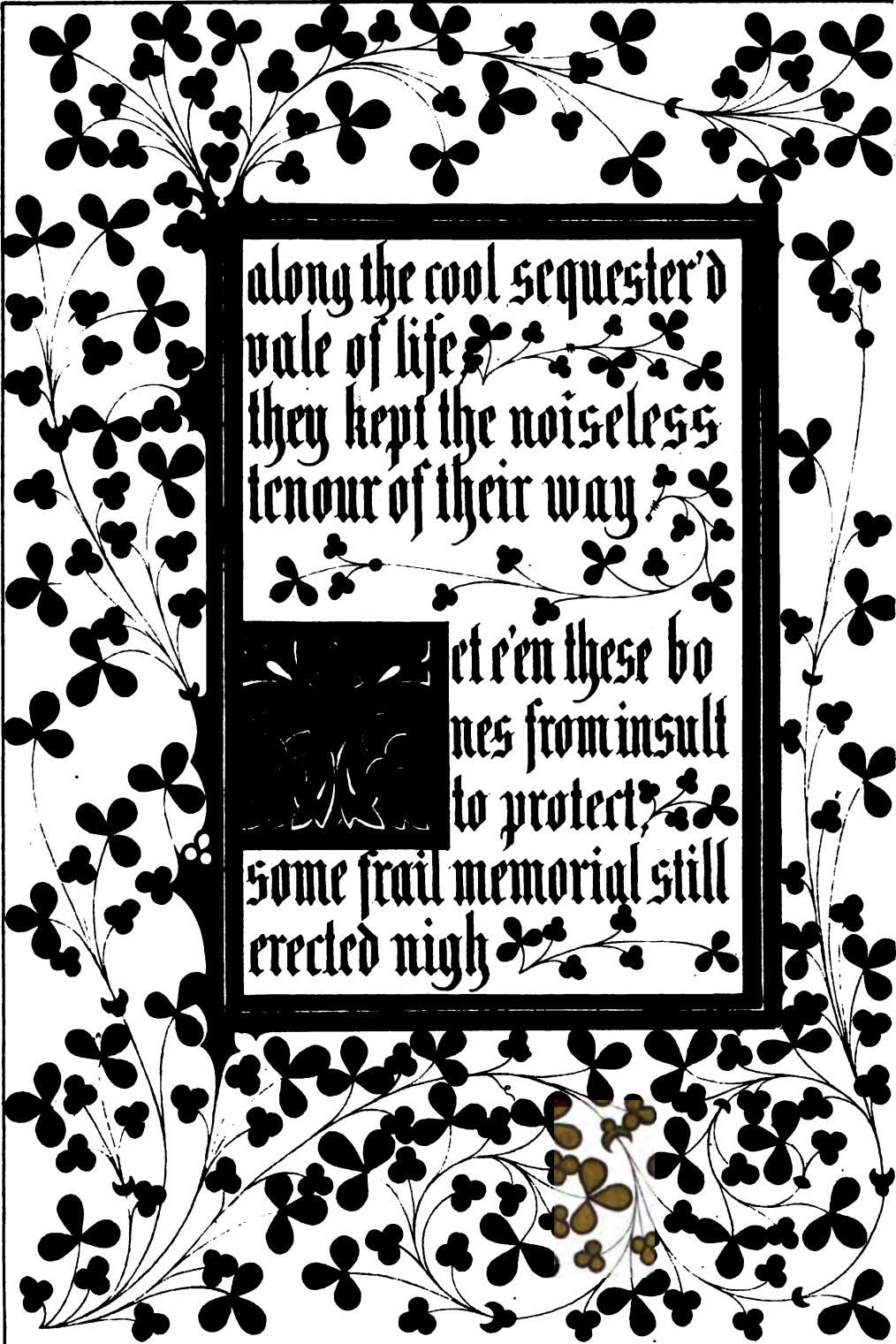
forbad to wade through
slaughter to a throne;
and shut the gates of mer-
cy on mankind.

His struggling
pangs of cons-
cious truth to hide;
to quench the blushes of
ingenuous shame;




or heap the shrine of lux-
ury and pride,
with incense kindled at
the muse's flame.

Far from the mad-
ding crowd's
ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never
learn'd to stray.



along the cool sequester'd
vale of life;
they kept the noiseless
tenour of their way.

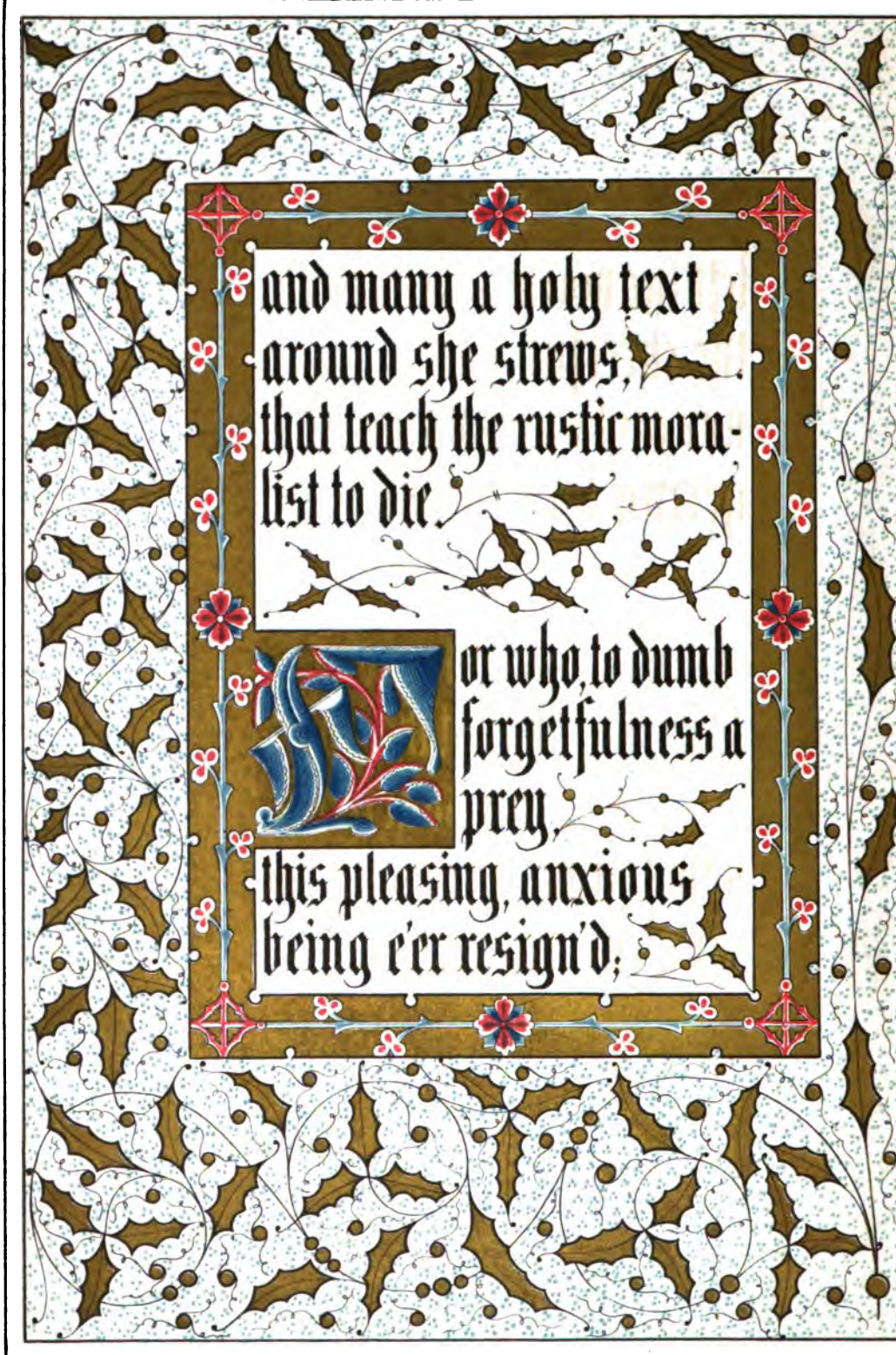


yet e'en these bo-
nes from insult
to protect;
some frail memorial still
erected nigh

with uncouth rhymes and
shapeless sculpture deck'd,
implores the passing tri-
bute of a sigh?



their name, their
years, spelt by
th'unletter'd muse,
the place of fame and elegy
supply;




and many a holy text
around she strews,
that teach the rustic mora-
list to die.




or who, to dumb
forgetfulness a
prey,

this pleasing, anxious
being e'er resign'd;



left the warm precincts of
the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing, lin-
gering look behind;

In some fond
breast the par-
ting soul relies;
some pious drops the clo-
sing eye requires;



e'en from the tomb the
voice of nature cries;
e'en in our ashes live their
wonted fires.



or thee who, mind-
ful of th' unho-
nour'd dead,
dost in these lines their
artless tale relate;



if chance, by lonely con-
templation led,
some kindred spirit shall
inquire thy fate.



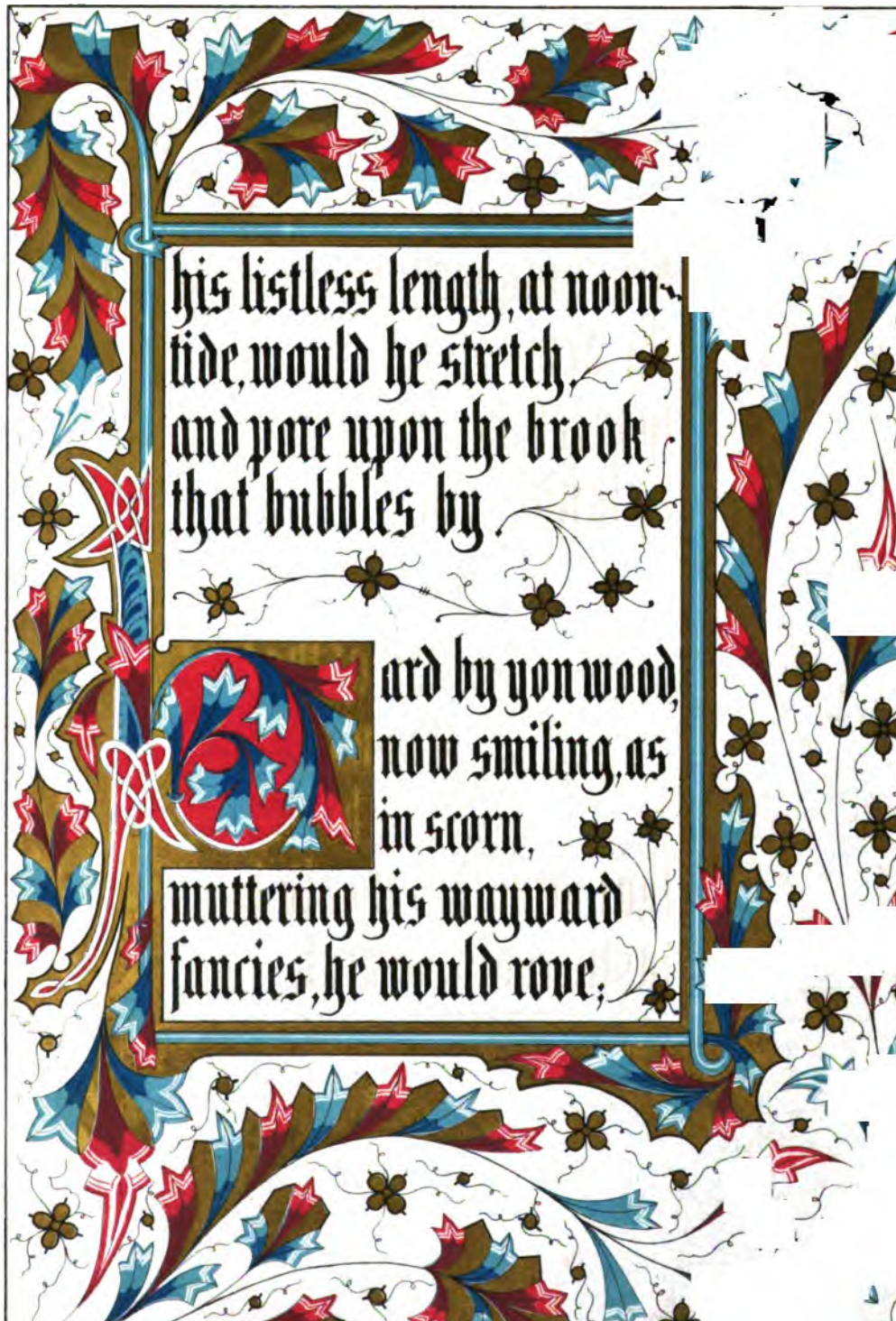
Taply, some hoary-
headed swain
may say:

"oft have we seen him, at
the peep of dawn,



brushing, with hasty steps,
the dews away,
to meet the sun upon the
upland lawn.

Here, at the foot
of yonder nod-
ding beech,
that wreathes its old fan-
tastic roots so high,



his listless length, at noon-
tide, would he stretch,
and pore upon the brook
that bubbles by.

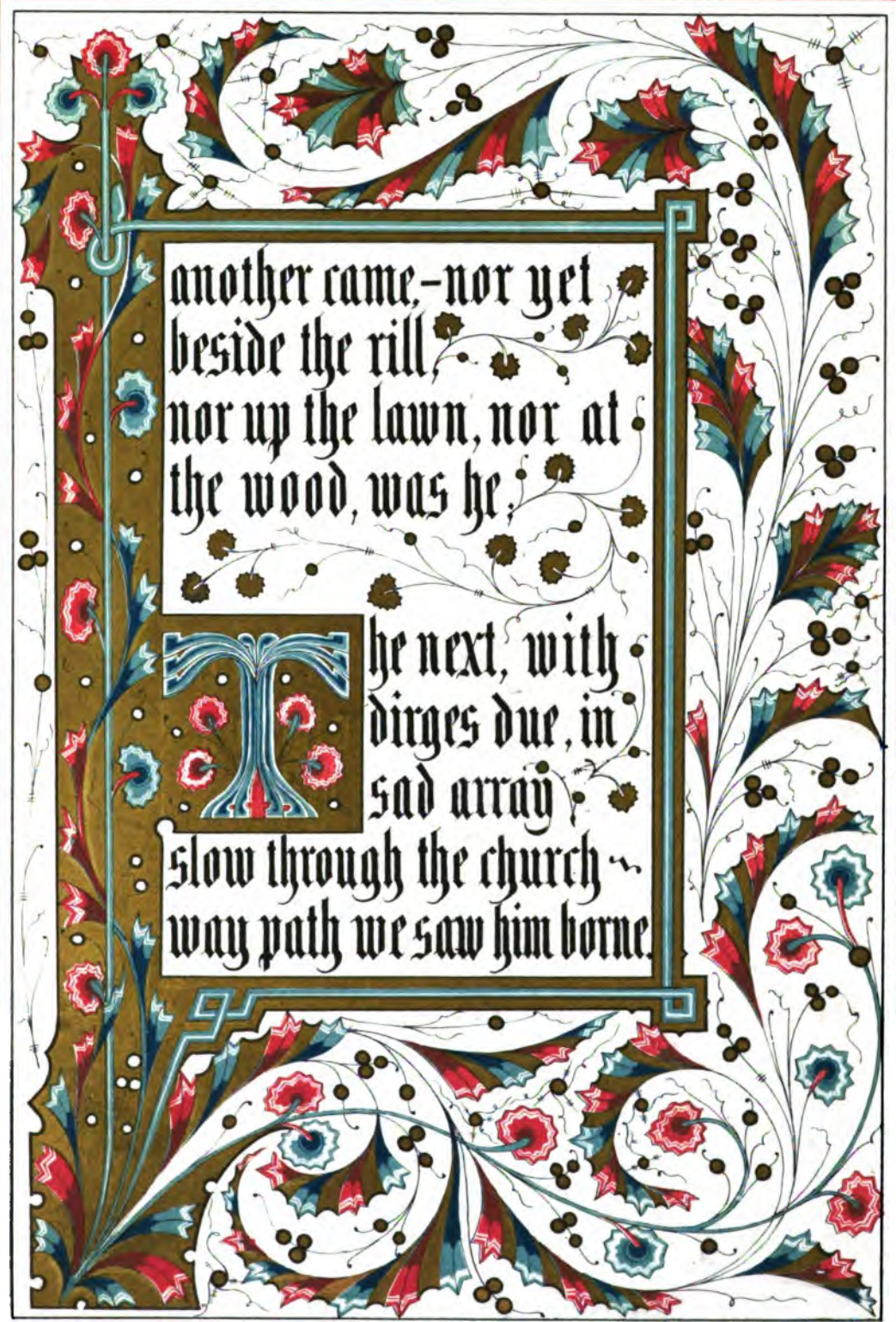
Rard by yon wood,
now smiling, as
in scorn,
muttering his wayward
fancies, he would rove;

The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. It features large, stylized leaves in shades of red, blue, and brown, interspersed with small, dark brown berries. Delicate, winding vines with small white flowers and blue circular motifs are also present. The background of the border is a light cream color. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a blue and gold border. The text is written in a black, Gothic-style script. The first line of the text is "now drooping woeful, wan," followed by "like one forlorn." on the second line. The third line is "or craz'd with care, or cross'd" and the fourth line is "in hopeless love." The text is surrounded by small, dark brown floral motifs. The first line of the text is "now drooping woeful, wan," followed by "like one forlorn." on the second line. The third line is "or craz'd with care, or cross'd" and the fourth line is "in hopeless love."

now drooping woeful, wan,
like one forlorn.
or craz'd with care, or cross'd
in hopeless love.

A large, decorative initial 'O' in blue and gold, featuring a central red flower with three petals. The 'O' is surrounded by blue and gold floral motifs. The text is written in a black, Gothic-style script. The first line of the text is "ne morn, I miss'd" followed by "him on the cus-" on the second line. The third line is "tom'd hill," and the fourth line is "along the heath, and near" followed by "his favourite tree;" on the fifth line. The text is surrounded by small, dark brown floral motifs.

ne morn, I miss'd
him on the cus-
tom'd hill,
along the heath, and near
his favourite tree;



another came, - nor yet
beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at
the wood, was he;

The next, with
dirges due, in
sad array
slow through the church
way path we saw him borne.

approach and read, (for
thou canst read) the lay,
grau'd on the stone beneath
yon aged thorn."

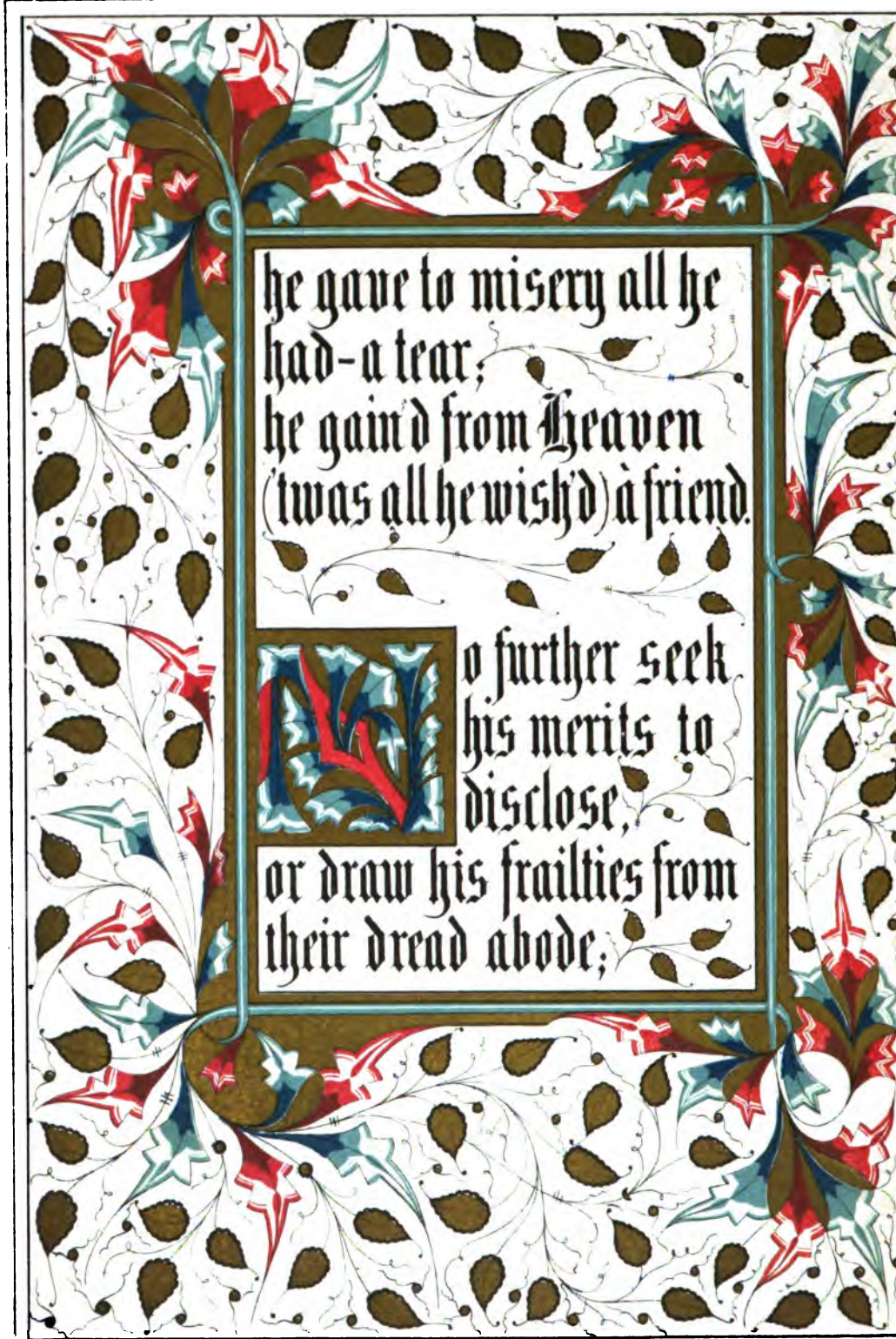


ere rests his
head upon the
lap of earth,
a youth, to fortune and to
same unknown;

fair science frown'd not on
his humble birth,
and melancholy mark'd
him for her own.



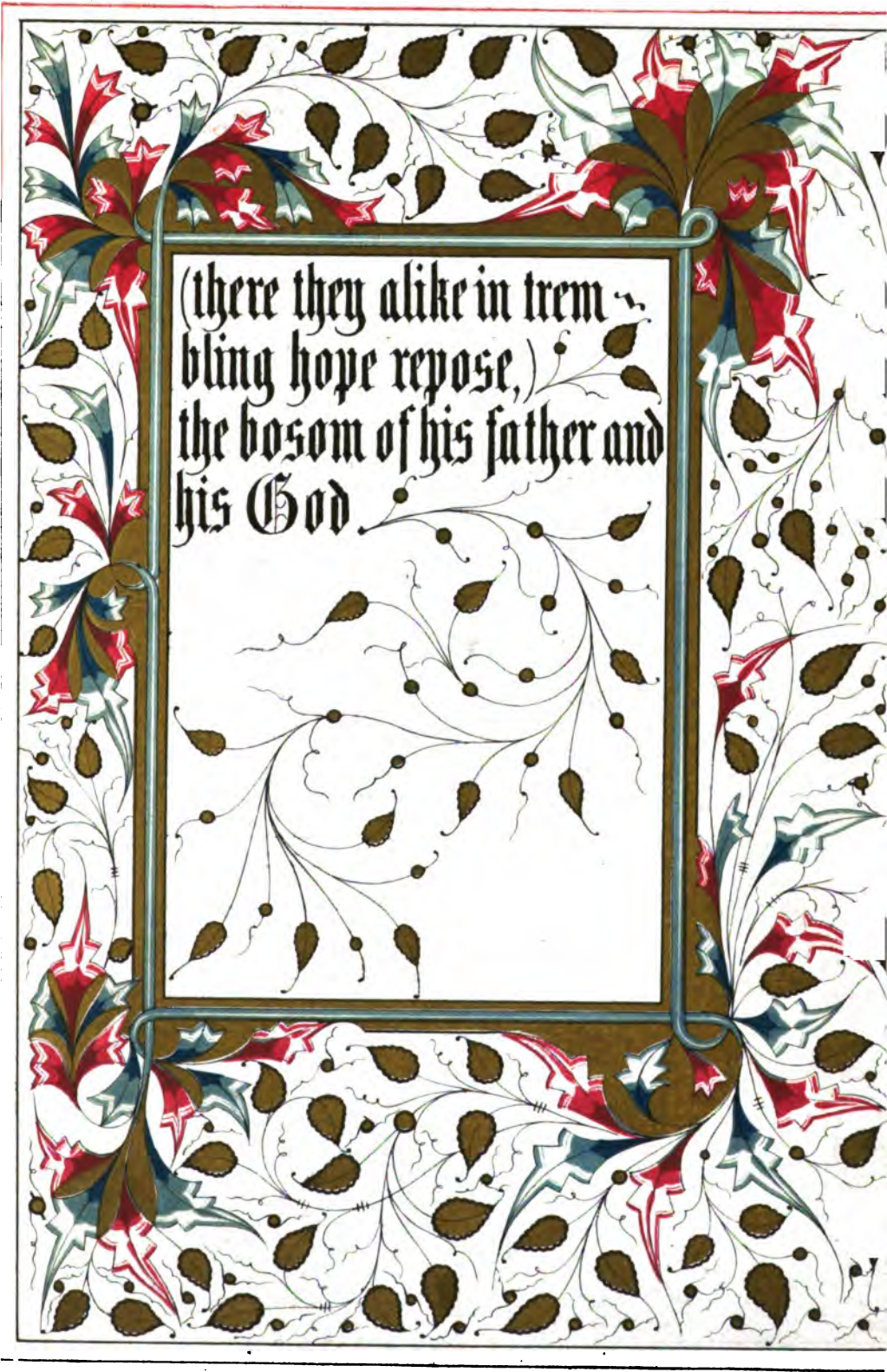
Large was his
bounty and his
soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense
as largely send.



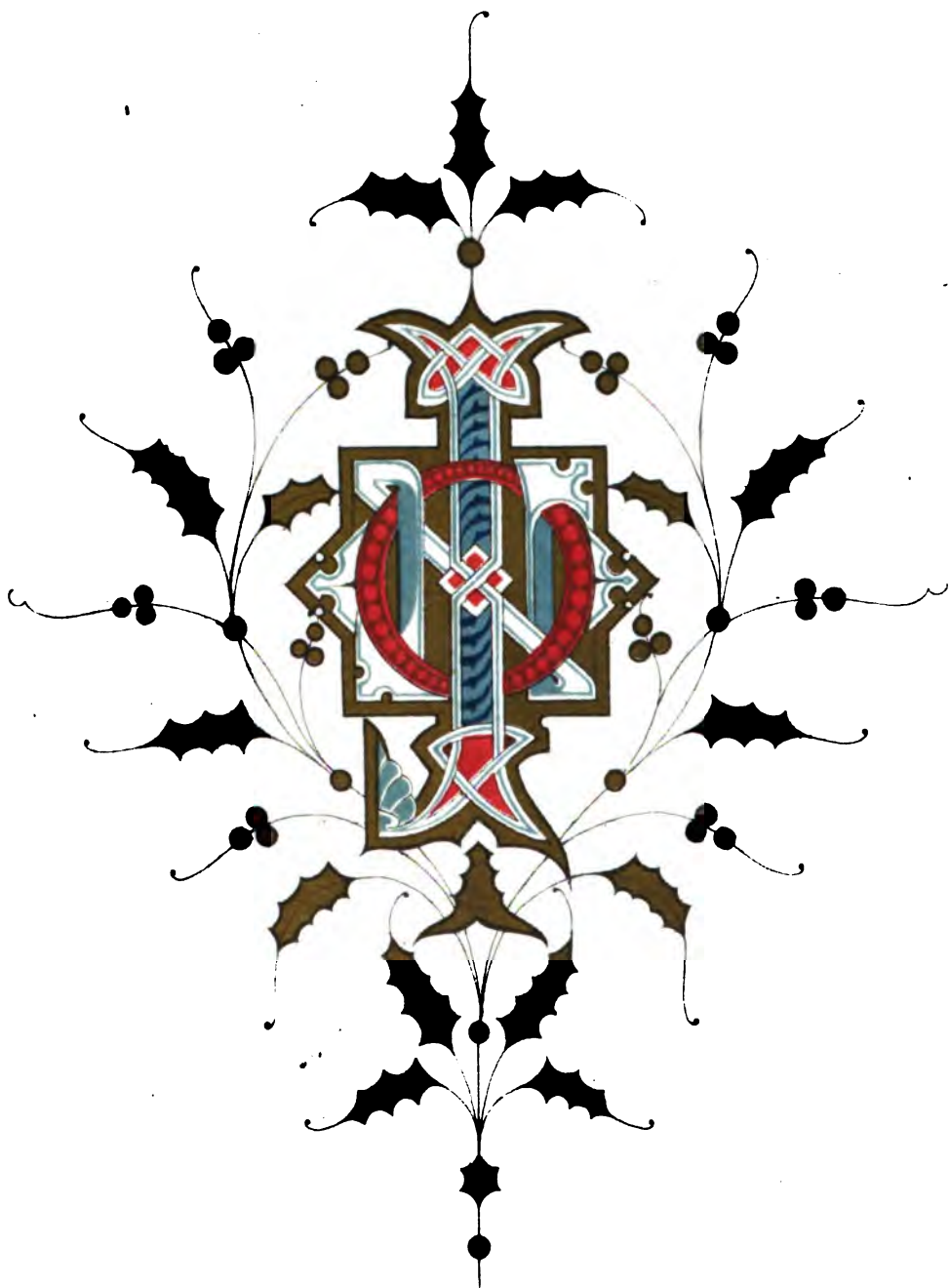
he gave to misery all he
had-a tear;
he gain'd from Heaven
(twas all he wish'd) a friend.

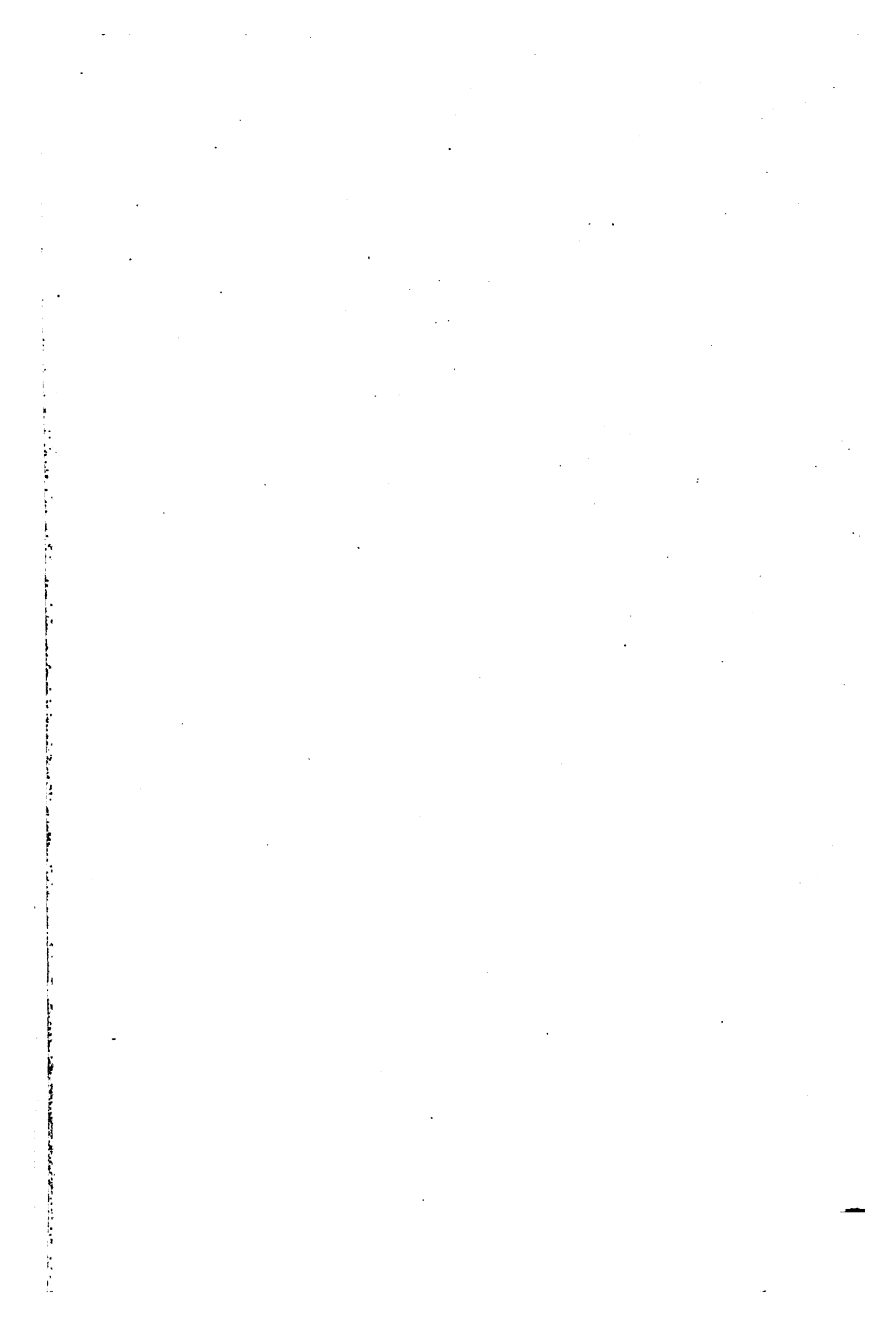


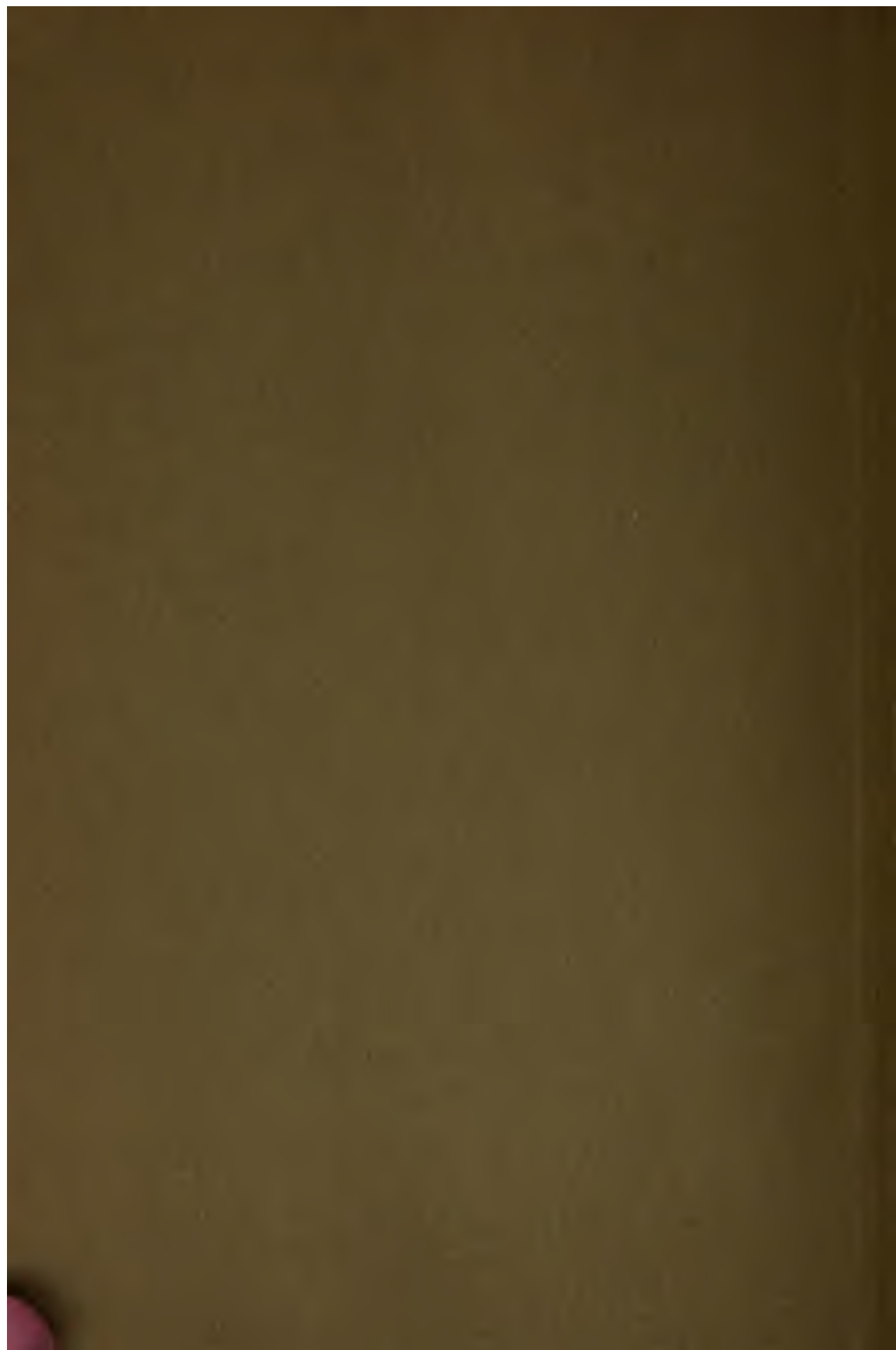
o further seek
his merits to
disclose,
or draw his frailties from
their dread abode;

The page features a central rectangular text block with a gold border. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The entire page is framed by a wide, ornate border. This border consists of a repeating pattern of stylized leaves and flowers. The leaves are dark brown, while the flowers are red with white and blue accents. The background of the page is white, and the border is decorated with fine black lines and small dots. The overall style is characteristic of late 15th-century manuscript illumination.

(there they alike in trem-
bling hope repose,)
the bosom of his father and
his God.







NOV 15 1934